

Leaue me, I pray a little: pray you now,  
Nay do so: for indeede I haue lost command,  
Therefore I pray you, Ile see you by and by. *Sits downe*  
*Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.*

*Eros.* Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

*Iras.* Do most deere Queene.

*Char.* Do, why, what else?

*Cleo.* Let me sit downe: Oh *Inno.*

*Ant.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Eros.* See you heere, Sir?

*Ant.* Oh sic, sic, sic.

*Char.* Madam.

*Iras.* Madam, oh good Empresse.

*Eros.* Sir, sir.

*Ant.* Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept  
His sword e'ne like a dancer, while I strooke  
The leane and wrinkled *Cassius*, and 'twas I  
That the mad *Brutus* ended: he alone  
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practise had  
In the braue squares of Warre: yet now: no matter.

*Cleo.* Ah stand by.

*Eros.* The Queene my Lord, the Queene.

*Iras.* Go to him, Madam, speake to him,  
Hee's vnqualited with very shame.

*Cleo.* Well then, sustaine me: Oh.

*Eros.* Most Noble Sir arise, the Queene approaches,  
Her head's declin'd, and death will cease her, but  
Your comfort makes the rescue.

*Ant.* I haue offended Reputation,

A most vnnoble (weruing.

*Eros.* Sir, the Queene.

*Ant.* Oh whether hast thou lead me Egypt, see  
How I conuey my shame, out of thine eyes,  
By looking backe what I haue left behinde  
Stroy'd in dishonor.

*Cleo.* Oh my Lord, my Lord,  
Forgiue my fearfull sayles, I little thought  
You would haue followed.

*Ant.* Egypt, thou knew'st too well,  
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by th'strings,  
And thou should'st stowe me after. O're my spirit  
The full supremacie thou knew'st, and that  
Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods  
Command mee.

*Cleo.* Oh my pardon.

*Ant.* Now I must

To the young man send humble Treaties, dodge  
And palter in the shifts of Iownes, who  
With halfe the bulke o' th' world plaid as I pleas'd,  
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know  
How much you were my Conqueror, and that  
My Sword, made weake by my affection, would  
Obey it on all cause.

*Cleo.* Pardon, pardon.

*Ant.* Fall not a teare I say, one of them rates  
All that is wonne and lost: Giue me a kisse,  
Euen this repayes me.

We sent our Schoolemaster, is a come backe?

Loue I am full of Lead: some Wine

Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes,

We scorne her most, when most she offers blowes. *Exeunt*

*Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Dolabella, with others.*

*Ces.* Let him appeare that's come from *Anthony*.  
Know you him.

*Dolla.* *Caesar*, 'tis his Schoolemaster,  
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither  
He sends so poore a Pinnion of his Wing,  
Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,  
Not many Moones gone by.

*Enter Ambassador from Anthony.*

*Caesar.* Approach, and speake.

*Amb.* Such as I am, I come from *Anthony*:

I was of late as petty to his ends,

As is the Morn-dew on the Mertle leafe

To his grand Sea.

*Ces.* Bee't so, declare thine office.

*Amb.* Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and

Requires to liue in Egypt, which not granted

He Lessons his Requests, and to thee sues

To let him breath betweene the Heauens and Earth

A priuate man in Athens: this for him.

Next, *Cleopatra* does confesse thy Greatnesse,

Submits her to thy might, and of thee craues

The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her heyles,

Now hazarded to thy Grace.

*Ces.* For *Anthony*,

I haue no eares to his request. The Queene,

Of Audience, nor Desire shall faile, so thee

From Egypt driue her all-disgraced Friend,

Or take his life there. This if shee performe,

She shall not sue vnheard. So to them both.

*Amb.* Fortune pursue thee.

*Ces.* Bring him through the Bands:

To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,

From *Anthony* winne *Cleopatra*, promise

And in our Name, what she requires, adde more

From thine inuention, offers. Women are not

In their best Fortunes strong; but want will periure

The ne're touch'd Vestall. Try thy cunning *Thidias*,

Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we

Will answer as a Law.

*Thid.* *Caesar*, I go.

*Caesar.* Obserue how *Anthony* becomes his slaw,

And what thou think'st his very action speakes

In euery power that mooues.

*Thid.* *Caesar*, I shall.

*Enter Cleopatra, Enocharbus, Charmian & Iras.*

*Cleo.* What shall we do, *Enocharbus*?

*Eros.* Thinke, and dye.

*Cleo.* Is *Anthony*, or we in fault for this?

*Eros.* *Anthony* onely, that would make his will

Lord of his Reason. What though you fled,

From that great face of Warre, whose seuerall ranges

Frighted each other? Why should he follow?

The itch of his Affection should not then

Haue nickt his Captain-ship, at such a point,

When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being

The meered question? 'Twas a shame no lesse

Then was his losse, to course your flying Flagges,

And leaue his Nauy gazing.

*Cleo.* Prythee peace.

*Enter the Ambassador with Anthony.*

*Ant.* Is that his answer? *Amb.* I my Lord.

*Ant.* The Queene shall then haue courtesie,

So she will yeeld vs vp.

*Am.* He sayes so.

*Antho.* Let her know't. To the Boy *Caesar* send this

grizled head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brimme,

With Principalities.

*Cleo.* That head my Lord?

*Ant.* To him againe, tell him he weares the Rose  
Of youth vpon him: from which, the world should note  
Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions,  
May be a Cowards, whose Ministers would preuaile  
Vnder the seruice of a Childe, as soone

As i'th' Command of *Caesar*. I dare him therefore

To lay his gay Comparisons a-part,

And answer me declin'd, Sword against Sword,

Our selues alone: Ile write it: Follow me.

*Eros.* Yes like enough: hyc battel'd *Caesar* will

Vntate his happinesse, and be Stag'd to'th' shew

Against a Swordsman. I see mens iudgements are

A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward

Do draw the inward quality after them

To suffer all alike, that he should dreame,

Knowing all measures, the full *Caesar* will

Answer his emptinesse; *Caesar* thou hast subdu'de

His iudgement too.

*Enter a Seruant.*

*Ser.* A Messenger from *Caesar*.

*Cleo.* What no more Ceremony? See my Women,

Against the blowne Rose may they stop their nose,

That kneel'd vnto the Buds. Admit him sir.

*Eros.* Mine honesty, and I, beginne to square,

The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make

Our Faith meere folly: yet he that can endure

To follow with Allegiance a false Lord,

Does conquer him that did his Master conquer,

And eames a place i'th' Story.

*Enter Thidias.*

*Cleo.* *Caesar* will.

*Thid.* Heare it apart.

*Cleo.* None but Friends: say boldly.

*Thid.* So haply are they Friends to *Anthony*.

*Eros.* He needs as many (Sir) as *Caesar* ha's,

Or needs not vs. If *Caesar* please, our Master

Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know,

Whose he is, we are, and that is *Caesar*.

*Thid.* So 'Tis then thou most renown'd, *Caesar* intreats,

Not to consider in what case thou stand'st

Further then he is *Caesar*.

*Cleo.* Go on, right Royall.

*Thid.* He knowes that you embrace not *Anthony*

As you did loue, but as you feared him.

*Cleo.* Oh.

*Thid.* The scarre's vpon your Honor, therefore he

Does pittie, as constrained blemishes,

Not as deserued.

*Cleo.* He is a God,

And knowes what is most right. Mine Honour

Was not yeelded, but conquer'd meere.

*Eros.* To be sure of that, I will aske *Anthony*.

Sir, sir, thou art so leakie

That we must leaue thee to thy sinking, for

Thy deereft quit thee. *Exit Eros.*

*Thid.* Shall I say to *Caesar*,

What you require of him: for he partly begges

To be desir'd to giue. It much would please him,

That of his Fortunes you should make a staffe

To leane vpon: But it would warme his spirits

To heare from me you had left *Anthony*,

And put your selfe vnder his throwd, the vniuersal Land-

*Cleo.* What's your name?

*Thid.* My name is *Thidias*.

*Cleo.* Most kinde Messenger,

Say to great *Caesar* this in disputation,

I kisse his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt  
To lay my Crowne at's feete, and there to kneele.  
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I heare  
The doome of Egypt.

*Thid.* 'Tis your Noblest course:

Wisdom and Fortune combatting together,

If that the former dare but what it can,

No chance may shake it. Giue me grace to lay

My durie on your hand.

*Cleo.* Your *Caesar*'s Father oft,

(When he hath mus'd of taking kingdomes in)

Bestow'd his lips on that vnworthy place,

As it rain'd kisses.

*Enter Anthony and Enocharbus.*

*Ant.* Fauours? By Ioue that thunders. What art thou?

*Thid.* One that but performs (Fellow?)

The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest

To haue command obey'd.

*Eros.* You will be whipt.

*Ant.* Approach there: ah you Kite. Now Gods & diuels

Authority melts from me of late. When I cried hoa,

Like Boyes vnto a ruffe, Kings would start forth,

And cry, your will. Haue you no eares?

I am *Anthony* yet. Take hence this Iack, and whip him.

*Enter a Seruant.*

*Eros.* 'Tis better playing with a Lions whelp,

Then with an old one dying.

*Ant.* Moone and Starres,

Whip him: wert twenty of the greatest Tributaries

That do acknowledge *Caesar*, should I finde them

So sawcy with the hand of the heere, what's her name

Since she was *Cleopatra*? Whip him Fellowes,

Till like a Boy you see him cringe his face,

And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

*Thid.* Marke *Anthony*.

*Ant.* Tugge him away: being whipt

Bring him againe, the Iacke of *Caesar* shall

Beare vs an arrant to him. *Exeunt with Thidias.*

You were halfe blasted ere I knew you: Ha?

Haue I my pillow left vnpresst in Rome,

Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,

And by a Iem of women, to be abus'd

By one that lookes on Feeders?

*Cleo.* Good my Lord.

*Ant.* You haue beene a boggeler euer,

But when we in our viciousnesse grow hard

(Oh misery on't) the wife Gods feece our eyes

In our owne filth, drop our cleare iudgements, make vs

Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut

To our confusion.

*Cleo.* Oh, is't come to this?

*Ant.* I found you as a Morfell, cold vpon

Dead *Caesar*'s Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment

Of *Gneius Pompey*, besides what hotter houres

Vnregistred in vulgar Fame, you haue

Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure,

Though you can guesse what Temperance should be,

You know not what it is.

*Cleo.* Wherefore is this?

*Ant.* To let a Fellow that will take rewards,

And say, God quit you, be familiar with

My play-fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seale,

And pight of high hearts. O that I were

Vpon the hill of *Babylon*, to out-roare

The horned Heard, for I haue sauaige cause,

And to proclaime it ciuilly, were like